

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE
OF
A SPANISH SOLDIER.

BEING at Milan, in my way to Venice, I hired a guide and a horse, and set off on horseback, but finding myself fatigued with riding, I sent forward the guide to a certain village, and embarked on the canal, but the villain deceived me; for on my arrival at the village, I found neither guide nor horse; so that I was obliged to continue my journey on foot. After walking over the plains of Lombardy during the whole day, I looked about me, and finding no place of accommodation, was on the point of throwing myself at the foot of a tree, extenuated with hunger and fatigue, when I observed at some distance a cavalier bearing a falcon in his hand. Having joined me, he enquired if I was not a Spanish officer, and when I answered him in the affirmative, he seemed to have anticipated the distress of my situation, and politely added, "You have still a long way to go before you will find any inn;" and invited me to accompany him to a country-house in the

neighbourhood, where he should be happy to accommodate me till the next morning. Although I was struck with an air of melancholy which was impressed on his countenance and gesture, yet necessity compelled me to accept his invitation, and I accompanied him without suspicion, to a large garden, but quite neglected and covered with weeds. As soon as we approached the door of the house, several servants came out to receive us, but all with a mournful air and countenance, and without uttering a single word. The apartments were handsome and well-proportioned, but corresponded in all things with the melancholy and chagrin of their possessor. So extraordinary an appearance could not fail of filling me with suspicion and alarm: the master in his turn never spoke to any of his servants, but gave his orders by signs, and with so singular an appearance, as could not fail of filling me with the most serious alarms; but did not, however, prevent me from eating a hearty supper, which was served in a handsome saloon. Not a single word passed between the gentleman and myself; and I may venture to affirm, that silence was never better observed in a convent of Chartreuse. I was determined not to begin the

conversation; for I always made it a rule to accommodate myself to circumstances, and in another's house, and with persons of superior rank, never shewed any curiosity in regard to family affairs; whether they were gay or sorrowful, I always supposed they had reasons for being so, and was satisfied without making any impertinent enquiries. When the supper was concluded, and the servants retired, my companion sighed and groaned bitterly, and at length exclaimed in a low and mournful voice, "Happy those who are born in an obscure condition! they pass their lives well or ill, without regarding what is said of them. The poor soldier, when he has mounted guard, retires to rest without a sigh, and the labourer, after the fatigues of the day, returns contented to his humble cottage. But how different is it with those, who from their birth of fortune, are exposed to the eyes of the public, they have as many judges of their actions, as they have persons about them." Then turning to me, "I am willing, Sir," added he, "to appease in some measure, my sorrow, by making you acquainted with the subject of it: not that I want friends to whom I could trust the most inmost sentiments of my heart; but rather because the secret which I am about to unfold, is of such a nature, that I prefer communicating it to a stranger than to those persons I see every day, and who would therefore become perpetual witnesses to my sorrow and confu-

sion. For this reason not one of my domestics is acquainted with the subject of my affliction; and the chagrin and melancholy which you may have observed in them, is occasioned by the deplorable state in which they see me plunged, without being acquainted with the cause. I must inform you then, sir, that I am abundantly provided with a good fortune, if riches were able to constitute happiness. My inclination never led me to frequent courts, or to solicit public employments. I love retirement, and I followed the amusements of the country, such as agriculture, gardening, hawking, fishing, and hunting. I kept a good table, was happy in receiving all strangers who passed this way, and who honoured me with their company; and I considered marriage as burdensome, and incompatible with my way of life. But who can avoid his destiny? One day as I was returning from hawking with a falcon in my hand, I was suddenly struck with the sight of an object which made an indelible impression upon my heart. As I passed near the suburbs of Cremona, I espied at the gate of a garden, a most beautiful young woman; and when I attempted to address her, she retired into the garden, and shut the door. Enchanted and inflamed with her beauty, I made immediate enquiries, and found that she was single, of a poor family, but extremely reserved and modest, and of an excellent character. After many ineffectual at-

tempts to seduce her, in which I spared neither money nor intrigues, I was so pleased on finding an union of virtue and love with so much beauty, that my love got the better of my pride, and notwithstanding the lowness of her birth, I espoused her, and retired with her to this country-house, where I experienced the most perfect happiness for several years, without observing the least alteration in my sentiments, or in her behaviour. Such was her affection for me, that on returning from hunting, I frequently observed her eyes bathed in tears, from the apprehension lest some accident might have arrived; and these sentiments of tenderness of which she gave every day the most convincing proofs, kept alive, and redoubled my love. After having passed six years in this manner, my happiness was suddenly overturned by a trait of ingratitude which could only proceed from a low-born wretch. Not far from my house there lived a man of a low birth and education, but who possessed some few talents, which covered a multitude of bad qualities. He had some wit, and much vivacity, wrote occasionally copies of verses, played and sung tolerably well. As he was superior in understanding and acquirements, to the villagers of his native place, I frequently sent for him to my house to keep me company, clothed him, admitted him to my table, and in a little time treated him with so much attention and friendship, that he considered my house as his

own. He generally accompanied me in my hunting parties; and constantly continued with me till I returned in the afternoon. But since my marriage, he frequently pretended fatigue, rode back to my house, and took that opportunity of conversing with my wife. This mode of proceeding ought naturally to have rendered me suspicious, but his person prevented me from being alarmed. He was short, ill-made, had bad teeth, and was extremely vulgar in his behaviour and manners. Although I was far from taking umbrage at a man of his appearance and character, yet more out of regard to decorum than for any other reason, I requested him not to quit my company, and return home as he was accustomed to do. From that time whenever I returned from hunting, there appeared about midnight, in the garden, a phantom, which made all the dogs bark, and frightened every servant in the house. Although fatigued with my day's sport, I got out of bed, went into the garden in search of the phantom, and did not return till I had examined every part, but to no purpose; and I always observed, that when I quitted my bed-chamber on this business, my wife never failed bolting the door in the inside, and never opened it when I returned, until she heard my voice; which she did, as she assured me, through dread of the ghost. The apparition made its appearance during several months; and I at length discovered, that whenever Cornelio

quitted the hunt and returned home, the ghost never came on that night. At length one day, on returning from hunting, when Cornelio had not left me, I commanded one of my servants to watch in the garden. About midnight the ghost made its appearance, and the dogs made a greater noise than usual. I immediately descended into the garden, and went straightway to the servant, whom I had commanded to watch. "Hist," said he, as soon as I approached him: "the ghost is no other than your favourite Cornelio, who takes the opportunity, while you are descending to the garden, to steal into your apartment, and have an interview with your lady. I cannot pretend to say where or by what means he finds admittance, unless some spirit assists him. All that I know is that my account is true, and that I have long perceived this trick." I was so transported with passion at this discourse, that I seized the unfortunate wretch by the collar, and stabbing him several times with a dagger, "Take that," I said, "to prevent you from divulging what you have seen, and this, and this, for having so late acquainted me with my shame." I then dragged him into a cellar, and locking the door, returned slowly to my bed-chamber, that I might have time to calm my trouble, and appear as little agitated as possible. As soon as I came to the door I called out, and my wife first demanding if it was not the ghost, did not let me in till she

was fully convinced it was my voice. As it was impossible to conceal the emotions of my mind, my wife perceived that I was extremely agitated. "Good God! my dear," she exclaimed, "how you are changed and affected—what ails you! Cursed be this phantom and he who invented it, for having occasioned so much uneasiness both to you and myself." I dissembled as much as I could; assured her that nothing was the matter with me, and got into bed. She then redoubled her caresses, with a view to dissipate my trouble, with such an apparent sincerity as would almost have convinced me of her innocence. I did not close my eyes the whole night, but continued a prey to the bitterest reflections. At break of day I arose, and, still hiding the chagrin which devoured me, I called Cornelio and my servants, took my dogs and my hawks, but had no sport with either during the whole day, which I considered as a bad omen. Towards the evening the traitor feigned an indisposition as an excuse for returning home; I desired to tell my wife not to expect me that night, as I was going in pursuit of a falcon which had made its escape, and which I hoped to retake in the morning. Cornelio retired well satisfied with the commission, and left me in a dreadful state of embarrassment.

(To be Concluded in our next.)



MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE ;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 263.)

IF there exists an invariable physical beauty, why has no philosopher ever been able to determine its essence? Why has no artist been able to prove or to teach what constitutes it?

If there be a real and positive physical beauty, why do men of different countries entertain such various sentiments concerning this quality? Why has even the same nation sometimes different tastes, at different periods? Why is the same man, at different ages, liable to variation in his sentiments on what constitutes beauty?

Let us examine these different questions. Some authors have advanced that the colours, the regularity, the order, and the proportion of forms constitute beauty; but this assertion is not correct.

It is very certain that, in beautiful objects, we are pleased with the colour, the form, and the proportions. "Colour," says Winkelman, "contributes to beauty, but does not constitute it—it merely sets off forms, and displays them to advantage." But is there any colour, any form, any proportion to which a preference can be giv-

en? Are there not beautiful women with a pale complexion, and others with a fresh colour? Is light hair less handsome than brown? Have not blue eyes their admirers as well as black? Is there any colour which by itself can appear beautiful to us? Shall we say, for example, that red is the colour of beauty? The vermillion of coral delights us, I admit, on lips half closed, but conveys that colour to the end of the nose, and it becomes ridiculous; see it on the borders of the eye-lids, and it creates a sentiment of pain and disgust. Colour, then, does not constitute beauty, since the same colour alternately produces delight and horror.

We cannot learn what beauty is from form any more than from colour. Notwithstanding what certain philosophers, and certain artists may have said, no form is in itself more beautiful than another. All are equal in this respect, and we shall soon know the reason. Some admirers of nature, contemplating the apparent rotundity of the universe, the real rotundity of all the globes that traverse the boundless expanse, and perhaps also the rotundity of certain globes that are more accessible, have decided that the circular form is the most perfect, the most beautiful. All that has been said on that subject tends only, in fact, to shew that the great artist has skillfully made all that he has made, and that the circular form is the most

perfect for what ought to be circular. How many philosophical systems end like this, in a position completely ridiculous! No, it is not form that constitutes beauty. The form which makes a man handsome, would make a woman ugly. The circular form ravishes us when designed beneath the light neck-handkerchief of a youthful beauty; give the same form to her foot, and then say with the philosophers, "the circular form is the most beautiful."

If form constituted beauty, why cannot that form be determined? An old author very justly observes, "Every one is capable of giving his opinion whether a nose is too long, too thick, too little; whether a mouth is large or small; but I know not who can describe the exact figure of a perfectly beautiful nose, mouth, or forehead. The number of each is a still greater secret, which the great Creator of all things has kept to himself."

Let us pass on to proportions. Undoubtedly some of my readers will be surprized if I venture to affirm that beauty does not depend on proportions. What a paradox! they will exclaim. I confess this position may appear extraordinary, especially if an extension be given to it which it does not possess. Let us examine to what it may be reduced.

I admit that in all beautiful objects there exists an established order, regularity, and proportions;

but is it in consequence of such proportions that those objects appear beautiful? or rather is it not because those objects are beautiful that these proportions give us pleasure?

If there are invariable proportions which determine beauty, all the objects which have those proportions must be beautiful, and those which deviate from them must be the contrary; but this is not the fact. If, on the contrary, it is the beauty of objects that renders their proportions agreeable, different objects may appear agreeable with different proportions, and this is actually the case.

"Artists have determined the proportions which constitute beauty," says a disciple of Winkelman. I admit it, but let us not confound terms. They have measured, for example, the most beautiful women in a country remarkable for beauty; they have, therefore, given us the actual proportions of a beautiful woman, but are these the exclusive proportions of beauty? Do we not see beautiful women who have neither the proportions nor the forms of the Grecian style. I could mention many women of Paris, the climate of which is not the most favourable to beauty, who surpass the far-famed Venus de Medicis. You must not, say some artists, admit of any deviation from the forms and proportions of the Greeks. So much the worse, is my reply; for you thus introduce into the art a monotony and uni-

formity which exist not in nature. "It is with great justice," says Camper, "that an anonymous author has attacked Winkelmann, who is incessantly presenting to us the works of the Greek artists as true models of every species of beauty, and asserts that this kind of admiration borders on madness, and that it is habit alone which creates this blind admiration."

Artists themselves have not always entertained the same ideas relative to forms and proportions. During the reign of Louis XIV. the French painters and sculptors thought fit to relinquish the Grecian style, in order to adopt another kind of beauty, a national beauty. It was then the fashion to paint French portraits; for fashion insinuates itself into every thing.

Beauty, therefore, depends not on any invariable colours, forms, or proportions. Is it then a creature of the imagination? And if it actually exist, what is its nature, what is its essence? This subject we shall investigate in the next chapter.

[To be continued.]

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

Mr. Editor,

If the following hasty production is admissible into your valuable miscellany, by its insertion you will oblige one of your constant readers. Though criticism

may triumph over its inaccuracy and feebleness, as a composition, I shall easily forego the praise of eloquence, if it should cheer the gloomy, and inspire the desponding.

S. S.

OF all the afflictions which infinite wisdom has allotted to hapless man, the loss of near friends and relations has universally been deemed the greatest. In every other sorrow there is some consolation; we may be broken with disease, or impoverished by misfortune, but we have in the one case hopes of recovery, and in the other hopes of gain—we may anticipate years of corporal vigour, and luxurious abundance. But when we lay a friend in the grave, the temporal felicity which he yielded us is blasted forever—we lay him to rise no more. Things that we are in the daily habit of enjoying become familiar to our minds, and we feel not habitually impressed with just conceptions of their value. Of persons this is equally true. When the eyes of an old friend are closed in death, though we may have had with him many controversies, and may have been disposed at some periods lightly to regard him, we, however, then become sensible of his value, our hearts are pierced with anguish, which mocks description.

The last sight of inanimate objects impresses the mind with tender melancholy. A landscape over which we have often cast our eyes,

plains over which we have a thousand times roamed, or a house in which we have long dwelt, we leave with melting regret, and scarce without a tear. They become strongly associated in our minds with whatever delights we have enjoyed around them; like old friends they seem to reciprocate our pleasures and our pains, to smile when our hearts are gladdened in the sunshine of prosperity, and sympathetically grieve in the reverses of our fortune.

Our regard for an animated, though irrational nature, is still stronger; for an animal who has long and faithfully served us, we seem to contract a real friendship, and enter with affectionate feeling into its welfare—we could not see it in the last struggles without being harrowed with distress, and over its lifeless frame we should not be ashamed to weep.

If the sensibility of a feeling mind is so painfully excited by separation from an inanimate and unintelligent creation, what greater degree of misery must he endure who is forever severed from a being like himself, with whom he has for many years exchanged the endearments of friendship? His very ashes are precious. From immemorial ages men have revered the dust of those who were once animated like themselves, and have regarded with peculiar veneration the sacred dormitories of their departed friends.

Darius, the Persian monarch, sent a herald to the wandering Scythians, with a view to provoke them to battle. They answered him, "If thou hast a mind to force us to come to an engagement, come and attack the tombs of our fathers, and thou shalt find what manner of men we are."

Our affection for rational beings is generally in proportion to their relationship to us, and to the length of time which we have enjoyed their society; to the excellence of their moral character, and the number of kind offices which we have received from them. Though we may behold with indifference the world around us sinking into the grave, yet the death of those who are near to us, seldom fail to melt the hardest hearts. Almost every one who has attained maturity of years has experienced a loss of this kind, for beside the short space of human life, we have a thousand inherent infirmities, and there are innumerable external vicissitudes which forever endanger existence, and destroy life.

With what indifference do the mass of men, whose hearts have been hardened by age, daily behold the funeral solemnities exhibited in our streets. Those whom a few days before we saw engaged in business with all the eagerness of desire and activity of pursuit, we behold borne along in melancholy state to the domains of death, perhaps without heaving

one sigh, or shedding a single tear. We cast our eyes into the gloomy vault, see our brother placed on a pile of mouldering coffins, we linger to see him enclosed in his silent mansion, and there leave him to dwell amidst the awful stillness of the tombs, insensible of the light of day, or the events which agitate the busy world. The bosom of sensibility cannot contemplate without surprise the cold indifference with which most men bear this solemn separation from those with whom perhaps they have spent the greater part of their lives. The processions which march with apparent solemnity through the streets decorated with every visible badge of sorrow, and symbol of grief, are in general but the mere pageant-tries of woe : among the multitude who follow the lifeless frame, there are but few real mourners, while the rest pass on with careless negligence, and listless unconcern.

Who can contemplate, without emotion, the mass of human misery which death has produced among the countless posterity of our first parents who through successive ages have descended into the peaceful sepulchre ? who has not, within his own recollection, many instances of death which have left families clouded with the darkness of night, in all the bitterness of anguish and oppression of misery—left them like melancholy wanderers in a desert wild, who journey to and fro without any determinate pursuit, but merely to ease

their weight of sorrow, or comply with the restlessness of anxiety. Of mourners such as these, however great, the world is full ; of thousands whom relentless death has pierced with his cruel arrows, who in all the agony of grief, lift up their eyes, to heaven, and in the phrenzy of despair, smite their breasts. Is there then no hope ? However the wretched infidel, or dissipated youth may deride the inspired page, there is no hope but what it affords. Its teachings are rigidly consonant to unsophisticated reason ; and though profound philosophers may have remotely conjectured some things which it explicitly reveals, yet it is from it alone that our hopes can receive full assurance ; for their confirmation we have the veracity of heaven, and for security of the pleasures they promise, we have engaged an arm of resistless power, and a wisdom to which nothing is inscrutable. We are informed by it that virtuous friends shall reunite in the sainted mansions of the sky, where, divested of mortal imperfection, their bosoms shall glow to each other in a burning flame of love, and where, without any possible interruption of harmony, they shall dwell in the embraces of hallowed friendship throughout ages of perennial bliss.

While we contemplate the death of others, let us not forget that our own departure is at hand. We also must descend into the dark domains, and bow beneath the ty-

rant's universal sway. It behoves us to be in a state of constant preparation to meet a foe whom we know not when will attack us, who is daily laying thousands of victims at his feet, and at whose final stroke will be determined our everlasting state. Re-union in heaven is promised only to the virtuous and the just. He only is wise who passes through the world with a noble superiority to its riches, honors, and pleasures, who exerts every power of this nature, and supplicates supernatural aid to preserve purity in thought and action, who is supremely solicitous to attain an immortal abode, where he shall renovate the friendships of his youth, and where the moans of surviving relations shall be never heard.

SYLVANUS SOMBRE.

New-York, Feb. 29, 1808.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 13.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

A fashionable Parisian Anecdote.

THIS once favourite of Napoleon continues to reside on an estate in the Ecclesiastical States, preferring a tranquil retreat, with the society of a lovely wife, and some few friends, to the agitated life and brilliant misery that encompasses his *Imperial* and *Royal* brothers. Master of a fortune, above two millions sterling, he has announced

himself another Medicis, and is hailed in Italy a liberal patron of all those who evince any talents in cultivating the sciences or fine arts. His valuable gallery of pictures and statues, as well as his select and curious library, is not only daily open for the free admittance of artists and men of letters, but a table richly spread, where all of them who are inclined, may be gratuitously entertained. All men of any merit are, besides, encouraged by presents while those whose abilities do not correspond with their zeal or inclination, are advised to choose another situation in life, and, if poor, a sum of money, as a loan, always accompanies the advice. Father of three pretty children, their education occupies a great part of his time; an occupation in which he is assisted by a wife, to whom love alone united him. She seems more dear to him for having been the cause of his disagreement with Napoleon; a disagreement that transformed into a quiet philosopher a man who otherwise would have augmented the number of wretched upstart kings, now debasing and disgracing Monarchy on the Continent. For this sacrifice, if any, Madame Lucien has, by her loveliness, amply rewarded him.

It has lately been reported at Paris, that after the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon sent a confidential officer, young Serbelloni, to Lucien, informing him of the elevation of Jerome on the throne of Westpha-

lia, and offering him the united thrones of Spain and Portugal upon condition of following the example of Jerome, and discarding the mother of his children.—“Good God!” exclaimed Lucien, “Napoleon hates then for ever all those whom he once hated. My wife has never offended him, and though not of an illustrious parentage, her family is at least as good as our own, and her soul is of a mould superior to that of any Princess modern Germany can produce. Besides, my only ambition is to make all those within these walls comfortable; if I see them contented, I shall live and die gratified to the greatest extent of my wishes. I enjoy, more than I can express, the innocent caresses of my family; while the interested cringing of debased courtiers would perhaps make me disgusted with the whole human species. If I have any desire to reign, it is only in the hearts of all those near and dear to me; I mean, in the bosoms of my wife and children.”

With this reply Serbelloni is said to have returned to Paris, instead of going to Rome, to put the Pope into requisition for annulling the *ill-sorted* marriage of our brother Lucien.

Madame Lucien was a young, rich, and handsome widow of a contractor at Paris, where her present husband began to pay his addresses to her. He first tried to seduce her, but finding her as vir-

tuous as accomplished, he handed her to the altar, and has never repented of an act that separated him from his family, and even deprived him of a throne.—He is now in his 37th, and she in her 25th year. By his present conduct, Lucien seems to wish to repair, as much as in his power, his early vicious or criminal propensities and deeds, and, by the liberal employment of his fortune, he endeavours to make the world forgive, if not forget, its very impure source.

MADAME CATALANI.

It has been announced *from authority!* that this Lady will remain in London next winter, that for the season at the Opera-house, (seven months) she will have 5000 guineas, two free benefits, and permission to give, on her own account, fifteen concerts in London, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge; and that these advantages, with what she may pick up during the five following months at her disposal, will swell her income for the year to more than *sixteen thousand pounds!* Can we read this, and believe that a world in arms is leagued against us?

Lon. post.

Anecdote of the King of Prussia.

SOME years ago a stranger, very plainly dressed, took his seat at the pharo table, at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the bank was very rich. Af-

ter a little pause, the stranger challenged the bank, and put his pocket book on the table, that his ability to pay might not be doubted. The banker, after some surprise and hesitation, and examination of the book, complied with the law of the game, and prepared for the great event. All eyes were fixed on the anxious banker, and tranquil stranger. The banker lost: the table of course was broken up, and the stranger very coolly turned to the person who accompanied him, and desired him to collect the money. "*Mon Dieu*," exclaimed an old officer, sitting by, "if I had experienced a twentieth part of your success this night, I should be the happiest man in the world." "If that be really so," said the stranger, "you shall have the twentieth immediately: count it out to him, friend." The officer was amazed, and could hardly reply before the stranger vanished.—The next day the stranger was discovered to have been the King of Prussia.

THE MOST WRETCHED STATE OF MAN.

In a conference held between some Greek and Indian Philosophers, in the presence of Chofroes, king of persia, the following question was proposed for solution.—

"What is the most wretched state in which a man can find himself in this world?"

A Greek Philosopher said it was

to pass a feeble old age in the midst of extreme poverty. An Indian asserted, that it was to suffer sickness of the body, accompanied by pain of the mind. As for me said the vizar Buzurgemhir, I think that the greatest of miseries a man can experience in this world, is to see himself near the close of his life, without having practised virtue.

This opinion received the general approbation of this assembly of sages, and Chofroes ordered that it should be engraved on a marble table, and fixed up in the principal square of Ispahan, to offer to the people a subject of meditation, and remain an eternal lesson of wisdom.

Time, which devours all things, has destroyed this tablet; and in Persia, as with us, it is forgotten that the greatest of miseries in this world, is to approach the close of life, without having practised virtue.

Kosciusko lives in great privacy at Paris, and almost in a state of penury: no temptation could induce him, recently, to meddle in the concerns of his unhappy country, and the proclamation ascribed to him in the Continental Journals, was a forgery. The Emperor Alexander lately offered him pecuniary relief to a considerable amount, but he refused it. Such is the character of a republican worthy of antiquity.

CÆSAR has had the testimony of ages to his bravery; and yet he refused a challenge from Anthony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message—"If Anthony is weary of his life, tell him there are other ways to death besides the point of my sword." How happy would it be had we more examples of such magnanimity.

THE GOUT.

A NEW cure has been proposed for that disease in France, by an author of some celebrity, M. Cadet de Vaux. The remedy is to drink 48 glasses of warm water in 12 hours, a glass at the end of every quarter of an hour, taking nothing else during the time. This remedy is in pretty general use in France, and has had great success. It is supposed that the profuse perspiration which this process in general occasions, is the cause of the cure.

REVENGE.

THE favourite of a Sultan threw a stone at a Dervise, who had requested alms. The insulted Dervise dare not complain, but carefully searched for, and preserved the pebble, promising himself that he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it in his turn at this imperious and pitiful wretch. Some time after, he was told the favourite was disgraced, and by

order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the Dervise ran to fetch his pebble: but after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. "I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

MISS BRUNTON.

THE marriage of Miss Brunton to the Earl of Craven, announced in a late paper as in contemplation, has taken place. The marriage was celebrated at Brighton by illuminations, and ringing of bells, and every person, says the London print, who ever attended at this lady at the theatre, shared her beneficence on the happy occasion of her marriage.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Cooper closes his engagement at Boston this week. Twaits and Harwood are also expected daily to resume their parts on the Park boards. Many attractions are in preparation. Mrs. Warren, from the Philadelphia Theatre, is engaged for a certain number of nights, to play some of her first characters. Mrs. Stanley, from the Boston Stage, it is likewise said, has a temporary engagement. *The Curfew*, a new play, by the author of the *Honey Moon*, is already in

rehearsal. *Pizarro* is to be soon brought out with new dresses, scenery, &c. *Cinderella* is in hand, and will be got up in a style of splendour and magnificence, surpassing any exhibition of its, not even excepting London. *Time's a Tell-Tale*, the last new Comedy brought out at London, has been received, and is in the manager's hands.

Com. Ad.

CIRCUS.

A TEMPORARY circus, we understand, is about to be erected in this city, for the exhibition of Horsemanship, by a company of Equestrians, lately arrived from Lisbon, and now performing at Boston. The Theatre, it is said, has been sensibly affected by this novel *spectacle*, which, considering that it has had the aid of a Cooper, a Harwood, and a Twaits, reflects no great credit on the taste of our eastern neighbours.

ibid.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst. by the rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Richard Nixon, to Miss Eliza Herbert, both of this city.

On Sunday, the 14th instant, at East Chester, by the rev. Mr. Bartow, Mr. Elias Hoffman, merchant, of this city, to Miss Abigail Tredwell, daughter of John Tredwell, esq.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Charles Biddle, jun. merchant, to Miss Ann H. Stokes, daughter of James Stokes Esq.

At or near Savannah, Mr. Curtis Bolton, merchant, to Miss Nancy Bolton.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Francis Borden, to Miss Mary Erwin.

At Savannah, John Kicklighter, esq. to Miss Eliza-Ann Bull.

..... all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

On Monday morning, after a painful and lingering illness, M. P. D. Schutts, a native of Germany.

On Monday, Mrs. Martha Bolton, aged 76 years.

At Wilmington, N. C. David Williams, inspector of naval stores and provisions.

On the 16th inst. at Islip, L. I. James Empson Moreton, aged 36.

In Italy, suddenly, the lady of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor of France, &c.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SONG,

Composed for the Crew of the United States' Frigate Philadelphia, while they were captives in Tripoli.

WRITTEN BY JOHN NEIL.

COLUMBIA, tho' immortal fame
Thy freedom thro' the world proclaim,
And hell-born tyrants dread the name
That wills all nations free;
Remote on Barbary's pirate coast,
By foes enslav'd, a miscreant host,
No more the rights of man we'll boast;
We've lost our Liberty.

How fearful lowr'd the gloomy day,
When, stranded on the shoals we lay,
Expos'd, our foremast cut away,
To the rough dashing seas.
When hostile gun-boats blaz'd around,
And no relief nor hopes were found,
These mournful words swell'd every
sound;
Adieu, blest Liberty.

In helpless servitude forlorn,
From country, friends, and freedom torn,
Alike we dread each night and morn,
For nought but grief we see.
When burthens press, the lash we bear,
When all around is black despair,
We breathe the silent, fervent prayer,
Oh! come sweet Liberty.

Memory to misery unkind,
Brings present to the painful mind
The woes oblivion else would find,
And evils cease to be.
But fancy, when we are wrapt in sleep,
Conveys us o'er the boundless deep,

We wake to sigh, and live to weep.
Oh come blest Liberty.

And when invading cannon's roar,
And streaming blood from many pour,
And mangled bodies float on shore,
And ruins strew the sea;
The thoughts of death or freedom near
Create alternate hope and fear—
When will that happy day appear
That brings us Liberty?

Behold, on yonder castle's height
The Turkish flag-staff's drest in white.
We gaz'd, enraptured at the sight,
How happy shall we be,
When thund'ring guns proclaim a
peace,
Our toils all o'er, our woes shall cease,
We'll bless the power that brings release,
And hail sweet Liberty!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN ELEGY,

Composed on the death of a young
Lady.

WHERE rolls the flood around the cir-
cling strand,
Amidst dark cedars' deeply frowning
gloom,
Fidelio's harp awoke at grief's com-
mand,
And thus he sung Maria's early tomb.

The mildest innocence of opening morn
Each feature grac'd, and languish'd
from her eye;
The bloom of health which did her cheek
adorn,
Would emulate the garden's roseate dye.

The virgin crescent of the new-born
moon
Shew'd not more fair complexion to the
night
Than thine Maria's, shrouded ah ! too
soon,
As Cynthia quickly passing from the
sight.

Surround her tomb the gay, the juv'nile
train,
Let griefs symphonious swell the fune-
ral song,
Your voices lend to aid the plaintive
strain
That sings her close, who once adorn'd
your throng.

As stands the snow-white lily from the
bed
Midst ambient flowers, the glory of the
walk,
Till broke by storms it hangs its beaute-
ous head
And pendent withers on its native stalk,

So shone Maria's graceful, slender form
Midst youth's gay train, its elegance and
pride ;
Till as the lily broke by driving storm,
She hung her languid head, and bow'd,
and died.

Ere fled the vital spirit from the earth,
In fault'ring accents thus her last adieu :
Advance ye authors of my infant birth,
Midst dying pangs my love survives to
you.

Oh yet, ere nature its fond ties disowns,
Indulge the lov'd Maria's sole request ;
My last salute receive, hear my last
groans,
And let me fold you to this dying breast.

Mourn not for me, forbear each pun-
gent woe.

My Jesus beckons to his bright abode ;
To youth immortal, heavenly joys, I go,
And leave you for the paradise of God.

Speak, ye attendants on the awful room,
Where her fair form consumed with
swift decay,
How bright the light that shone thro'
death's dark gloom,
And gild the shadow with its heavenly
ray.

Attend that voice, 'tis dying music's
charms,
And these the words the heavenly song-
stress tries :

Why should we start appall'd at death's
alarm,
And thus her hymning soul ascends the
skies.

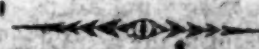
Just so the swan of fam'd melodious
note,
At death's advent close folds her snow-
white wings,
To loftiest music tunes her warbling
throat,
And midst the vocal rapture dying
sings. I. H.

From the National Regis.

*On the present Fashion of Gentle-
men's great coats.*

SEE Fashion ! how in every place
Eternally it teases ;
Of frightens modesty and grace ;
But very seldom pleases.

E'en now in *petticoats* we see
It strikes the pleas'd beholders ;
Belles wear them where *they ought to be*,
But beaux upon their *shoulders* !



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